

## WON BY A YARD

By F. J. KNIGHT AOKIN

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"Yes, yes. I am perfectly willing to acknowledge that you are hardworking, honorable and trustworthy. Surely I have proved that by taking you so completely into my confidence in business matters. But that is not sufficient. The man who carries my daughter must have shown some striking evidence of business acumen before I give my consent." Mr. Brampton, banker and diamond merchant, wiped his glasses and sat back in the comfortable chair of his private office, dismissing the whole matter with a wave of his hand.

Eric Wilmington, his confidential secretary, also tried to forget the matter, temporarily, but with less success. "He's such a self-willed old gentleman," he sighed to himself, "that if he weren't Doris' father I should call him a stubborn old fool." This heretical train of thought was broken by the entrance of a clerk with a card. He took it. "Mr. Wilfred Norton Harrington to see you," he said. "I don't think he's a client of ours."

"Harrington, Harrington," murmured his employer. "I don't recollect the name. Oh, yes, though. I remember he must be the son of that wealthy old Harrington of San Francisco who died a couple of months ago. I heard that the young man was going to settle in New York. Send him in," he added to the clerk.

The latter retired and presently admitted a tall, clean shaven man of about forty, dressed in a top hat, and fashionably cut frock coat which did not seem to fit him.

"Mr. Brampton, I believe. I should like to transact some private business with you if you can spare the time," said the stranger.

"My secretary is entirely in my confidence," answered Mr. Brampton. "In fact, I depend on him a good deal, so you may speak quite freely."

Mr. Harrington sat down and placed a red morocco jewel case on the table. "I have no doubt you know of my father's death some two months ago, and also that I have purchased No. 8—Fifth avenue. I have my affairs pretty well settled now, but in looking over the jewelry left by my father I find that there are several things which I don't care to keep."

"Pearls, for instance, my wife has a superstitious horror of. She refuses to wear them and it would be ridiculous to keep them locked up in the safe." He paused for a moment and took from the case a magnificent rope of graduated pearls. "Here is a string of 175 pearls that I am willing to dispose of."

The other two bent over him with interest; they were indeed a handsome set.

"I think I remember being notified that your father was collecting these, some five years ago. I sent him a few, on approval, I fancy," said Mr. Brampton, at last, jotting down a conservative estimate of \$45,000 on a writing pad, which he dropped in a drawer where his secretary could see the figures.

The latter took it, and wrote \$50,000 beneath, and returned it.

"I have as many pearls now as I care to handle," the banker went on, "but if you will put a price on these I will see if we can make a deal."

"My wife insists so strongly on my disposing of them that I have decided to let them go at a price considerably below their value, \$35,000."

The other two men looked at each other. "It is not a matter to be decided off-hand," said Mr. Brampton, "but if you give me time for consideration, I think we can come to an agreement."

"If a few hours would be sufficient," suggested Harrington, "I should be very pleased if you would dine with us and we can settle the matter this evening."

"That is excellent," replied the banker as the visitor rose. "Good day."

"I suppose you would like to telegraph to San Francisco to make sure that everything is all right," said Eric when the door was closed.

"Yes. I'll wire the Pacific bank as a matter of form, but of course his receiving me in his own house will be really sufficient. Every one knows he's bought No. 8—Fifth avenue," Mr. Brampton wrote and dispatched the message immediately.

A satisfactory reply arrived before they left the office. Mr. Harrington had removed a considerable amount of jewelry from that very bank to his New York house about a fortnight before.

"If I can conclude this purchase satisfactorily it will mean a considerable turn over," said the banker as he left the office. "You lack real business instincts, Wilmington, in being too cautious. I know you didn't like this man's appearance, and you would have let the matter go, very like."

"I shall be anxious to hear what kind of an understanding you come to this evening," said Eric.

At 10 o'clock next morning Mr. Brampton arrived at the office in an excellent frame of mind. "I have bought the pearls for \$35,000," he said as he hung up his hat. "Those Harringtons are charming people. Of course it was the only guest, as they are still in mourning."

"How did you like the lady of the house?" asked Eric.

"She seemed a very fine woman, but just a trifle common. I thought she spoke with a slightly foreign accent, but I may have been mistaken. She seemed very anxious to get rid of the pearls, said they always brought her bad luck or some such foolishness, and so we concluded the bargain. Mr. Harrington promised to bring them around at noon, and I'll give him the check. By the way, there was a man in the telephone booth as I came through the outer office. Is anything the matter?"

"Yes, the building is being rewired, and for today they have put us on a party wire."

Mr. Brampton nodded, and they proceeded with the business of the day. Shortly after noon Harrington arrived.

"Good morning," he said. "I trust that we can transact our business quickly, as my wife is waiting in a cab outside, and I am rather pressed for time."

"Certainly, the check is already drawn out," answered the banker. "Ring up the bank, Wilmington, if you please, and notify them that Mr. Wilfred Norton Harrington is coming round to cash his check."

Eric shut himself into the booth in the outer office, and put the receiver to his ear. He was about to call "Hello!" when he heard a voice, which he recognized as that of Waiters, a lawyer in an office below, saying: "Is this Mr. Harrington?"

"Yes," answered another voice. "Thought it was your voice, Wilfred. Just come from Frisco?"

"No, my wife and I made a flying trip to Europe on business, and got back a day earlier than we expected."

"Well, you kept every one pretty well in the dark. Have you opened up your new house yet?"

"No; but my valet and my wife's maid have everything ready. I am going up there as soon as I've seen my things through the customs."

At this point Eric broke into the conversation and persuaded Mr. Harrington to the second that he had better present himself at the office of Brampton & Brampton within half an hour, if he valued his property.

Then he rang up another number, and after a short conversation hung up the receiver and returned to the private office.

The others were a little impatient at his delay. "I think you will be received properly at the bank," Eric said politely.

He even went to the extent of fetching the visitor's hat and cane.

Mr. Brampton noticed the alteration in his manner. "I see your opinion of Mr. Harrington has altered now," he said presently.

"I suspend judgment for half an hour," laughed Eric, "and I don't mean to say I am right."

Some ten minutes later the door flew open and in rushed Harrington No. 2, accompanied by Waiters, the lawyer, from downstairs.

In the scene that ensued the principal actors had the stage to themselves, except when the lawyer was called upon while Eric sat back and enjoyed the excitement.

The first rightful owner of the gems raved at their loss, but was pacified when he found them intact; then the banker realized that he was \$35,000 out of pocket and gave way to his feelings accordingly.

"Can't you do something instead of sitting there like a fool?" he shouted. "Telephone to the police to watch every railroad station and dock!"

"I don't think that's necessary," answered Eric quietly. "He and his wife, too, I hope, are already in their cells. Let's get a cab and go there. Perhaps Mr. Harrington can identify them."

In less than an hour Mr. Brampton was once more in his office chair.

"Well, I can see you've pulled this matter off pretty well, my boy," he said, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "Now tell me how it happened, and what it all means."

"It was simple enough," explained Eric modestly; "the real Harrington had given the pearls to this man Tomkins, his valet, to put in the bank, just before he started for Europe, and also had given him orders to help this French maid to get the house ready for them on their return. Thus they were enabled to pose as Mr. and Mrs. Harrington and invite you to dinner to full suspicion. I realized this from the conversation over the telephone, and called up the bank to have them arrested when they got there, in order to avoid the fuss of detaining him here till the police arrived."

"Well, you have saved me \$35,000," commented Mr. Brampton.

"Would you describe that as a striking instance of business acumen?" questioned Eric dimly.

"Why, yes—er—no—that is—I give in, my boy. You've won her fairly."

"I've won," murmured the young man triumphantly; "won by a yard—of pearls!"

Sensitive About Names.

Three times the clerk made an ineffectual attempt to spell the name. Finally she gave it up and said, "How do you spell it, please?"

The customer, with the polysyllabic name snapped out half the letters of the alphabet. "It's funny you couldn't get that," she added angrily.

"I knew she'd get mad if I asked her how to spell it," sighed the clerk. "They all do. No matter how odd a woman's name, she seems to think that everybody ought to spell it right off. Failure to do so is construed as a downright insult. Evidently no woman likes to answer to a name that stumps everybody else, and it is only when the girl behind the counter falls down over it that she realizes how impossible it really is. Then she takes her spite out on the poor clerks. Since I have learned that peculiarity of shoppers I generally guess at the spelling rather than make them angry."—New York Press.

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## MISSIONARY RIDGE.

How the Scene of a Terrible Battle Originally Got Its Name.

Stretching for miles along the eastern border of the city, picturesque and pleasing to view is Missionary Ridge. How well that name is known from the hemlocks of Maine to the flowers of Florida, and yet how different from its name are the associates one gives it when it is pronounced! In history it is recorded as being the scene of one of the fiercest conflicts of the civil war, but to the people who know the origin of the name it is a monument to the memory of a band of devoted, self-sacrificing Christian men who, braving the hardships of emigration not for the love of gain, but to help their fellow men, built the Brainerd mission on the picturesque heights known by the name of Missionary ridge.

It was in 1817 that the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, Ainsworth P. Burr, and the Rev. John Vail first viewed the site of their mission. They were sent here by the American board of commissioners for foreign missions, and the same board had provided for the erection of a mission station, and built a mill on the banks of Chickamunga creek. The mill race, nearly a mile long, is still visible. The mill was purchased by Philamon Bird in 1832. He tore down the small structure and built what is now known as Bird's mill.

On May 27, 1819, the president of the United States, James Monroe, appeared at the door of the mission unannounced. He was accompanied by General Gaines. Although surprised by his visit, the missionaries were ready to receive him, and he complimented them on their work and in glowing terms praised the beautiful location of the mission. The Brainerd mission was used until the Indians left. It did an immense amount of good, and at one time there were more than 500 Indian children being taught beneath its roof. The Lord's supper was observed for the last time on Aug. 10, 1838, at which the missionaries were ready to announce his departure. "Do not go!" cried the visitor. "You are our friend. It will be ready tomorrow." It was not ready on the next day of the next, and on the third day the charge d'affaires, after refusing all refreshment, declared that he was leaving. For immediately, whereupon St. Fiddin-Garrit drew the letter from his leather valise. "It has been ready for five days," he said. "You see, there was no need for anger."

The Visitor's Little Joke.

A Frenchman who lived many years in Pez tells how the Moroccans enjoy a joke at the expense of Europeans. An ultimatum had on one occasion been sent to the governor demanding a letter of apology. No letter came, and the French charge d'affaires went to the vizier, Si Fiddin-Garrit, to announce his departure. "Do not go!" cried the vizier. "You are our friend. It will be ready tomorrow." It was not ready on the next day of the next, and on the third day the charge d'affaires, after refusing all refreshment, declared that he was leaving. For immediately, whereupon St. Fiddin-Garrit drew the letter from his leather valise. "It has been ready for five days," he said. "You see, there was no need for anger."

The Burmese Nirvana.

In "The Silken East" the author, V. G. Scott O'Connor, explains that much discussed, untranslatable word, Nirvana, or neikhan, is to the faithful Burmese:

And this neikhan, what is it? Eternal extinction or eternal and conscious peace? The everyday Buddhist in Burma at least is in no doubt upon the subject, and for the rest, for an exalted idea of paradise, I do not remember to have come upon anything finer than this: "Where the believer expects to find a sure shelter against all errors, doubts and fears, and a resting place, where his spirit may securely enjoy the undisturbed possession of truth."

The First Word.

"But," said the judge, "you provoked the fight."

"No, O didn't," replied the prisoner. "But you struck the first blow. Why did you do that?"

"Because he said to me, 'If I don't want, you another,' and so I struck him."—Philadelphia Press.

Too Felt.

"Your father is certainly the politest man I know."

"What makes you say that?"

"It's pretending that he's cured of his dyspepsia in order that he shall not hurt his doctor's feelings."—New Yorker.

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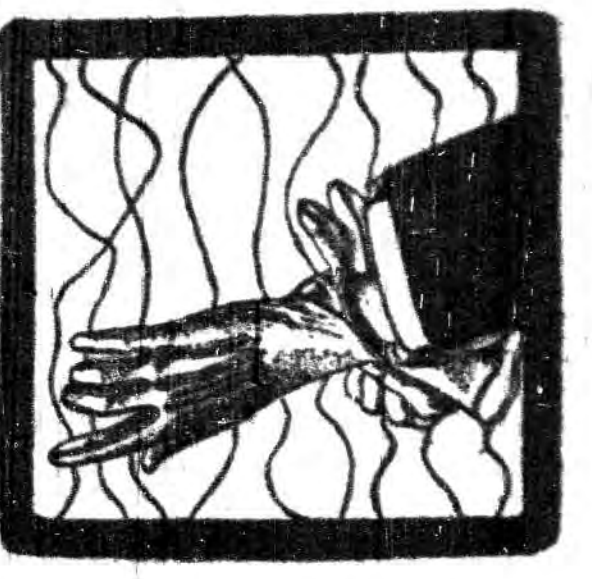
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